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ORIGINAL.

THE WANDERER.

No. 121.

"ON REVERENCE FOR ANTIQUITY."

THERE is no sensation of the heart which more satisfactorily indicates a delicacy of feeling, or which more evidently tranquilizes the faculties for the reception of equable benevolence and philanthropy, than the reverence paid to sentiments which have continued for ages, and of which time has softened the asperities. Reverence for antiquity is a quality which increases with the decay of the ardent passions, and gradually unfolding its brightness as age advances, shines with most conspicuous lustre, as those passions expire. And this is not wonderful; for towards the close of life, there is only a short space required to convert a most fervent worshipper, into an object of the worship. Whether this devotion result from the prejudices of education, from the conclusions of reason, or from such instantaneous impulses of feeling, as cannot be reconciled with principles of reflection, or dogmas of prepossession, it certainly has a very beneficial effect upon general society. However difficult it may be unanswerably to account for the causes of this respect for old establishments, it is presumptively true, that that which has continued longest, was originally best; that those opinions which have been tested by repeated experience, have rested on the stability of truth, and that those actions, the memory of which has been transmitted from generation to generation, must surely have originated in virtue. The effects of time upon moral qualities, and the fabrics of matter are considerably analogous; they destroy the weaknesses and imperfections of both; and those parts only can endure which like virtue on one side, and adamant on the other, defy alike the assaults of passion, and the storms of nature. Such alone can stand; but they stand conspicuous and unremoved, and perhaps a little supported by the very ruins which surround them.

But it must be admitted, what mankind have long understood, and still believe to be correct, is not necessarily so. Error may inhere in every thing of a comparative nature; so that any probable supposition, which is not demonstrable, cannot with safety be declared to be true. The system of Tycho Brahe, was once very generally believed, and astrological decisions were formerly of undisputed authority. The ground on which we advance is, that no better test of the truth of an unsettled proposition can be found, than

length of continuance, and diffusion of belief.

As this reverence is excellent in its nature, it must therefore be laudable in its effects. Accordingly we find in the most civilized nations, those which have cultivated letters, encouraged glorious achievments and patronised science, that this sacred attachment to antiquity has been found most ardently to exist. But among a people, where truth and sentiment are sacrificed at the shrine of venality, where traffic and wealth are terms of happiness and renown, and where nobleness of heart is chilled by the cold calculations of interest, this genial current of reverence is frozen in its progress, and tricles instead of flowing. Thus the Athenians, though they were in the last degree, capricious in their estimate of living merit, paid the greatest deference to their ancient heroes and statesmen; celebrated their praises in their songs, or immortalised their persons in marble. But who ever heard of Dutch gratitude, or Dutch nobleness towards their progenitors, or men of distinguished virtue? There, where every sentiment of the mind is at market, where love and friendship are commodities on sale, human nature is degraded below itself, and the world is no longer desirable than as a placeof sensual resort, every thing worthy, permanent, or intellectual, being either dead or inert. Indeed it is the nature of trade to relax the stimulants to literary or scientific exertion, curb the desires of excellence, and defeat the hopes of renown, by withholding the inducements of patronage or praise, to the success of superior talents.

This country too, it must be owned, is realising the hypothesis, founded upon the experience of ages, and particularly upon the facts discoverable in modern Europe: *That reverence for antiquity prevails in the greatest degree, during periods of the most perfect civilization, when letters and the fine arts are in their most flourishing state, and when glory, honor and virtue, are the roads to renown; but is almost destroyed whenever excessive love of gain has become generally diffused, and by necessary consequence, has changed the path of eminence from honor, glory and virtue, to meanness, venality, and corruption* We have here none of those finer sentiments, by which either our patriotism or attachment to our forefathers can be discovered. The glow of poetry, and the fervor of eloquence, have, in every country, been rendered more effectual, by the introduction of this sentiment. The example of ancestry, has been set up by every poet, and in every country, from Homer, Virgil, and Statius, to Shakespeare, Schiller, and Voltaire; the united efforts of every liberal, and every fine art, have consecrated the deeds of ancient warriors, statesmen and sages, to immortal fame. But Americans, whilst they can boast of progenitors, more remarkable for virtues than the founders of any other country, and statesmen and leaders, every way worthy to have succeeded them, cannot discover throughout their country, from the Missisippi to the St. Lawrence, or from the Atlantic to the Allegany, any national work of importance, by which their reverence may be transmitted in its fullest force, to remote posterity. Even the memory of Washington, the saviour of the liberties, the preserver of the Independence, and the framer of the prosperity of his country, yet exists only in the page of the biographer, the sentiments of the bottle,

or the breasts of a few individuals; but is not perpetuated by any act which does honor to his countrymen. He lives indeed in the extended population, and increased wealth, in the prosperous condition of America; but that prosperity, while it will for ever be considered a pillar of Washington's fame, will at the same time be viewed as a monument of disgrace to the nation. The deeds of our revolutionary heroes, are suffered like their ashes to be scattered far and wide by accidental occurrences; but without those sacred memorials that sanctify respect, they will descend to our posterity unnoticed, and unknown. This stain upon the patriotism of Americans, though it never can be entirely eradicated, may yet be partially whitened. They may yet exhibit a returning sense of the gratitude they owe, by erecting at the capital of this vast continent, a magnificent mausoleum, which shall contain the ashes of their ancestors, and the record of their achievements. This tribute of gratitude and reverence, is demanded equally to secure our honor, and their reputation.

There is another object of reverence, which is yet most disgracefully neglected. Our forefathers of Plymouth, who encountered the perils of an unknown ocean, endured the wintery storms of this then inhospitable land, and underwent the fatigues of cultivating the iron soil of New England, who hoped their own gratitude to God, and honor towards their fellow men, would be the inheritance of their children; who established an empire to which no bounds of duration or prosperity can reasonably be assigned, must view with indignation, the degeneracy of this race. The pious Æneas, founded an empire, and his reputation is perpetuated by the muse of Virgil, by the chisel and the pencil; but the names of Winslow, Carver, and Bradford, exist only in the musty records of primitive times. But on this theme let us forbear our reprehensions; since a monument is now proposed to be erected at Plymouth, to consecrate their names, and record, for it cannot dignify their splendid actions, and their saintlike virtues. This proposal is equally honorable to the projectors of it, as it will be to the community, if it be erected. And as it is necessary that the idea should be generally known to be generally encouraged, the various places of public resort in this city should have papers posted in them, expressive of the design proposed; and by that means, afford an opportunity to every descendant of the Plymouth band, so illustrious for their pilgrimage, their virtues, their courage, and their wisdom, to promote, by his individual exertions, so meritorious an undertaking. The public at large, cannot be indifferent to the success of this scheme, which may be completely triumphant, if a few individuals would exert their influence in its promotion. Half the expence which has been profusely wasted in convivial festivity, on the anniversary of that event, would produce a sum which would defray the cost of a monument, every way worthy of the venerable pilgrims whose names it is intended to commemorate. The place designed for its erection, is some spot in the town of Plymouth, which was distinguished in our forefathers' days; but its elegance must depend upon the liberal gratitude of their offspring. An offspring, it must be confessed, as yet

little remarkable for the encouragement of the liberal arts, of letters, or of glorious deeds; but of whom, in the present instance, a little may certainly be demanded, because every thing is due. It may perhaps be considered in the highest degree absurd, to attempt to alter the bias of public opinion, from ignominious neglect, of our ancestor's memory, to a generous gratitude, for their exertions, privations and sufferings. But whether the attempt may become abortive or successful, we can compromise with misfortune from an impression that we have intended well, or in the full tide of success, can take delight in the reflection, that we have in a small degree accelerated the rapidity of the stream.

HORATIO.

AN OCCASIONAL LETTER,

ON INDIFFERENCE IN RELIGION.

WHATEVER absurdities may arise from the fancied ardors of enthusiasm, they are much less pernicious to the mind than the contrary extreme of coldness and indifference in religion. The spirit of chivalry, though it led to many romantic enterprises, was nevertheless favourable to true courage, as it excited and nourished magnanimity and contempt of danger; which, though sometimes wasted in absurd undertakings, were of the greatest use on real and proper occasions. The noblest energies of which we are capable, can scarcely be called out without some degree of enthusiasm, in whatever cause we are engaged; and those sentiments, which tend to the exaltation of human nature, though they may often excite attempts beyond the human powers, will, however, prevent our stopping short of them, and losing, by careless indolence and self-desertion, the greatest part of that strength with which we really are endued.

How common is it for those who profess (and perhaps sincerely) to believe with entire persuasion the truth of the Gospel, to declare that they do not pretend to frame their lives according to the purity of its moral precepts! 'I hope,' say they, 'I am guilty of no great crimes; but the customs of the world in these times will not admit of a conduct agreeable either to reason or revelation. I know the course of life I am in is wrong; I know that I am engrossed by the world—that I have no time for reflection, nor for the practice of many duties which I acknowledge to be such. But I know not how it is— I do not find that I can alter my manner of living.'—Thus they coolly and contentedly give themselves up to a constant course of dissipation, and a general worthlessness of character, which, I fear, is as little favourable to their happiness here or hereafter, as the occasional commission of crimes at which they would start and tremble. The habitual neglect of all that is most valuable and important, of children, friends, servants—of neighbours and dependents—of the poor—of God—and of their own minds, they consider as an excusable levity, and satisfy themselves with laying the blame on the manners of the times.

If a modern lady of fashion were to be called to account for the disposition of her time, I imagine her defence would run in this style:—'I can't, you know, be out of the world, nor act differently from every body in it. The hours are every where late—consequently I rise late.—I have scarce breakfasted

before morning visits begin —or it is time to go to an auction, or a concert—or to take a little exercise for my health. Dressing my hair is a long opperation—but one can't appear with a head unlike every body else. One must sometimes go to a play, or an opera ; though I own it hurries one to death. Then, what with necessary visits—the perpetual engagements to card-parties at private houses—and attendance on the public assemblies, to which all people of fashion subscribe, the evenings, you see, are fully disposed of. What time then can I possibly have for what you call domestic duties ?—You talk of the offices and enjoyments of friendship—alas ! I have no hours left for friends ! I must see them in a crowd, or not at all. As to cultivating the friendship of my husband, we are very civil when we meet ; but we are both too much engaged to spend much time with each other. With regard to my daughters, I have given them a French governess and proper masters—I can do no more for them You tell me I should instruct my servants—but I have not time to inform myself, much less can I undertake any thing of that sort for them, or even be able to guess what they do with themselves the greatest part of the twenty-four hours. I go to church, if possible, once on a Sunday, and then some of my servants attend me ; and, if they will not mind what the preacher says, how can I help it ? The management of our fortune, as far as I am concerned, I must leave to the steward and house-keeper ; for I find I can barely snatch a quarter of an hour just to look over the bill of fare when I am to have company, that they may not send up any thing frightful or old-fashioned. As to the Christian duty of charity, I assure you I am not ill-natured ; and (considering that the greatexpence of being always dressedfor company, with losses at cards, subscriptions, and public spectacles, leave me very little to dispose of) I am ready enough to give my money when I meet with a miserable object. You say, I should enquire out such, inform myself thoroughly of their cases, make an acquaintance with the poor of my neighbourhood in the country, and plan out the best method of relieving the unfortunate, and assisting the industrious. But this supposes much more time, and much more money, than I have to bestow. I have had hopes indeed that my summers would have afforded me more leisure ; but we stay pretty late in town ; then we generally pass several weeks at one or other of the water-drinking places, where every moment is spent in public ; and, for the few months in which we reside at our own seat, our house is always full, with a succession of company, to whose amusement one is obliged to dedicate every hour of the day.'

So here ends the account of that time which was given you to prepare and educate yourself for eternity ?—yet you believe the immortality of the soul, and a future state of rewards and punishments. Ask your own heart what rewards you deserve—or what kind of felicity you are fitted to enjoy ? Which of those faculties or affections, which heaven can be supposed to gratify, have you cultivated and improved ? If, in that eternal world, the stores of knowledge, should be laid open before you, have you preserved that thirst of knowledge or that taste of truth, which is now to be indulged with endless information ? If,

in the society of saints and angels, the purest benevolence and most cordial love is to constitute your happiness, where is the heart that should enjoy this delightful intercourse of affection? Has yours been exercised and refined to a proper capacity of it during your state of discipline, by the energies of generous friendship, by the meltings of parental fondness, or by that union of heart and soul, that mixed exertion of perfect friendship and ineffable tenderness, which approaches nearest to the full satisfaction of our nature, in the hands of conjugal love? Alas! you scarce knew you had a heart, except when you felt it swell with pride, or flutter with vanity. Has your piety and gratitude to the source of all good been exercised and strengthened by constant acts of praise and thanksgiving? Was it nourished by frequent meditation, and silent recollection of all the wonders he hath done for us, till it burst forth in fervent prayer? I fear it was rather decency than devotion that carried you once a week to the place of public worship—and, for the rest of the week, your thoughts and time were so differently filled up, that the idea of a Ruler of the universe could occur but seldom, and then, rather as an object of terror than of hope and joy. How then shall a soul, so dead to divine love, so lost to all but the most childish pursuits, be able to exalt and enlarge itself to a capacity of bliss which we are allowed to hope for, in a more intimate perception of the divine presence, in contemplating more nearly the perfections of our Creator, and in pouring out before his throne our ardent gratitude, love and adoration? What kind of training is the life you have passed through for such an immortality?

And dare you look down with contempt on those whom strong temptation from natural passions, or a train of unfortunate circumstances, have sunk into the commission of what you call great crimes? Dare you speak peace to your own heart, because by different circumstances you have been preserved from them? Far be it from me to wish to lessen the horror of crimes; but yet, as the temptations to these occur but seldom, whereas the temptations to neglect, and indifference towards our duty, for ever surround us, it may be necessary to awaken ourselves to some calculation of the proportions between such habitual omission of all that is good, and the commission of more heinous acts of sin; between wasting our whole life in what is falsely called innocent amusement, and disgracing it by faults which would alarm society more, though possibly they might injure it less.

How amazing is the distance between the extreme of negligence and self-indulgence in such nominal Christians, and the opposite excess of rigour, which some have unhappily thought meritorious! between a Pascal (who dreaded the influence of pleasure so much, as to wear an iron, which he pressed into his side whenever he found himself taking delight in any object of sense) and those who think life lent them only to be squandered away in sensual diversions, and the frivolous indulgence of vanity? What a strange composition is man! ever diverging from the right line—forgetting the true end of his being—or widely mistaking the means that lead to it?

If it were indeed true, that the Supreme Being had made it the condition of our future happiness, that we should spend the days of our pilgrimage here on earth in vol-

untary suffering and mortification, and a continual opposition to every inclination of nature, it would surely be worth while to conform even to these conditions, however rigorous; and we see, by numerous examples, that it is not more than human creatures are capable of, when fully persuaded that their eternal interests demanded it. But if, in fact, the laws of God are no other than directions for the better enjoyment of our existence—if he has forbid us nothing that is not pernicious, and commanded nothing that is not highly advantageous to us—if, like a beneficent parent, he inflicts neither punishment nor constraint unnecessarily, but makes our good the end of all his injunctions—it will then appear much more extraordinary that we should perversely go on in constant and acknowledged neglect of those injunctions.

Is there a single pleasure worthy of a rational being, which is not, within certain limitations, consistent with religion and virtue? And are not the limits, within which we are permitted to enjoy them, the same which are prescribed by reason and nature, and which we cannot exceed without manifest hurt to ourselves, or others? It is not the life of a hermit that is enjoined us; it is only the life of a rational being, formed for society, capable of continual improvement, and consequently of continual advancement in happiness.

It is vain, however, to think of recalling those whom long habits, and the established tyranny of pride and vanity, have almost precluded from a possibility of improving by advice, and in whom the very desire of amendment is extinguished; but for those who are now entering on the stage of life, and who have their parts to choose, how earnestly could I wish for the spirit of persuasion —for such a 'warning voice' as should make itself heard amidst all the gay bustle that surrounds them! it should cry to them without ceasing, not to be led away by the crowd of fools, without knowing whither they are going—not to exchange real happiness for the empty name of pleasure—not to prefer fashion to immortality—and not fancy it possible for them to be innocent, and at the same time useless.

THE MEDLEY.

"Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

The following letter is a curiosity; as it practically exhibits the peculiarity of wit which prevailed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Sir John Harington was esteemed the wittiest man at court. This opinion was so prevalent, that in Bath, where he dined in a numerous company, and the servant maid being particularly attentive to *him*, he enquired the reason; she replied "I understand you are a very witty man: and if I should displease you in any thing, I fear you would make an epigram of me."

SIR JOHN HARINGTON TO SIR ANTHONY STANDEN, KNIGHT.

SIR,

It is not a lake of Lethe, that makes us forget our friends, but it is the lack of good messengers; for who will write, when his letters shall be opened by the way, and construed at pleasure, or rather displeasure?—Some used this in Ireland, that perhaps have repented it since in England. I came to court in the very heat and height of all displeasures: after I had been there but an hour, I was threaten-

ed with the Fleet; I answered poetically, " that coming so late from the land-service, I hoped that I should not be prest to serve in her Majesty's fleet in Fleet-street." After three days every man wonderd to see me at liberty; but though, in conscience, there was neither rhyme nor reason to punish me for going to see Tyrone; yet if my rhyme had not been better liked of then my reason, (I mean when I gave the young Baron of Dungannon an Ariosto,) I think I had lain by the heels for it. But I had this good fortune, that, after four or five days, the Queen had talked of me, and twice talked to me, though very briefly. At last she gave me a full and gracious audience in the withdrawing chamber at Whitehall, where herself being accuser, judge, and witness, I was cleared, and graciously dismissed. What should I say! I seemed to myself, for the time, like St. Paul, rapt up in the third heaven, where he heard wordes not to be uttered by men; for neither must I utter what I then heard: until I come to heaven, I shall never come before a statelier judge again, nor one that can temper majesty, wisdom, learning, choler, and favour better than her Highness did at that time. In the discourse you were not unspoken of her. You shall hear ere long, but not by writing, for I will send a man. Thus much I adventure to write by this boy; but I trust him with no messages. I omitted no opportunity of mentioning and gracing, the best I could, all my friends while I staid at London. In December I came hither, but since, I hear little and do nothing but sit by a good fire, and feed my lean horses, and hearken for good news, but hear none, save the certain expectation of peace with Spain.

My Lord Keeper is a widdower. Doctor *Eaton* hath *eaten* the bishoprick of Ely; all the clergy wish him choaked with it. Mr. Edmondes hath been with the Dutchess of Burgundy, and well used; and she speaketh much honour of the Queen, which moves great hope of a league. You wonder I write nothing of *one*:—believe me I hear nothing; but *he* is where he was, and I think must be, till these great businesses be concluded. Let this suffice from a private country knight, that lives among clouted shoes, in his frize jacket and galloshes. And who envies not the great commanders of Ireland, but hereby commends himself to them.

Your true friend,

JOHN HARINGTON.

Kelson, near Bath,

Feb. 20, 1600.

SCIENTIFIC AGITATION.

M. l' Abbe Chappee, who was sent by the King of France, at the desire of the French Academy, to Siberia, to observe the transit of Venus, gives us a striking picture of the state of his own mind, when the moment of this famous observation approached. In the description of his own feelings, this traveller may be admitted as good authority. A few hours before the observation, a black cloud appeared in the sky; the idea of returning to Paris after such a long and perilous journey, without having seen the transit of Venus; the idea of the disappointment to his king, to his country, to all the philosophers in Europe, threw him into a state of agitation which must have been felt to be conciev-

ed. At length the black cloud vanished, his hopes affected him almost as much as his fears had done; he fixed his telescope, saw the planet—his eye wandered over the immense space a thousand times in a minute; his secretary stood on one side with his pen in his hand; his assistant, with his eye fixed upon the watch, was stationed on the other side. The moment of the total immersion arrived, the agitated philosopher was seized with an universal shivering, and could scarcely command his thoughts sufficiently to secure the observation.

EXTRACT FROM "THE ORPHAN,"
A TALE BY MRS. OPIE.

[Mrs. Opie, is considered one of the most tender and empassioned authoresses of the day. Her story of the Mother and Daughter is complimented by the best reviewers in Europe, as being the most pathetic and the most natural in its pathos, of any fictitious narrative in the language. The Orphan, from which the following lines are selected, is highly interesting; they are supposed to be written by a young woman of tender and delicate sentiments, in love with a person who is unconscious of the attachment; but she suffers "concealment like a worm i'the bud," to prey upon her happiness.]

Not one kind look—one friendly word!
Wilt thou in chilling silence sit;
Nor through the social hour afford
One cheering smile, or beam of wit?

Yet still, absorb'd in studious care,
Neglect to waste one look on me;
For then my happy eyes may dare
To gaze and dwell uncheck'd on thee.

And still in silence sit, nor deign
One gentle precious word to say;
For silent I may then remain,
Nor let my voice my soul betray.

This falt'ring voice, these conscious eyes,
My throbbing heart too plainly speak;
There timid hopeless passion lies,
And bids it *silence* keep, and *break*.

To me how dear this twilight hour,
Cheer'd by the faggot's varying blaze!
If this be mine, I ask no more
On morn's refulgent light to gaze:

For now, while on HIS glowing cheek
I see the fire's red radiance fall,
The darkest seat I softly seek,
And gaze on HIM, unseen by all.

His folded arms, his studious brow,
His thoughtful eye, unmark'd, I see;
Nor could his voice or words bestow
So dear, so true a joy on me.

But he forgets that I am near—
Fame, future fame, in thought he seeks.
To him ambition's paths appear,
And bright the sun of science breaks.

His heart with ardent hope is fill'd;
His prospects full of beauty bloom:
But, oh! *my* heart despair has chill'd,
My only prospect is—the tomb!

One only boon from heaven I claim,
And may it grant the fond desire!
That I may live to hear his fame,
And in that throb of joy *expire*.

One little moment, short as blest,
Compassion Love's soft semblance wore,
My meagre form he fondly press'd,
And on his heating bosom bore.

His frame with strong emotion shook,
And kindness tun'd each falt'ring word;
While I, surpris'd, with anxious look
The meaning of his glance explor'd.

But soon my too experienc'd heart
Read nought but generous pitty there
I felt presumptuous hope depart,
And all again was dark despair.

Yet still, in memory still, my heart
Lives o'er that fleeting bliss again;
I feel his glance, his touch, impart
Emotion through each bursting vein.

And "*Once* (I cry) those eyes so sweet
"On me with fondness deign'd to shine;
"For once I felt his bosom beat
"Against the conscious throbs of mine!"

Nor shall the dear remembrance die
While aught of life to me is given;
But sooth my last convulsive sigh,
And be, till then, my joy—my heaven.

"Kill," says De La Mettrie, if I may be permitted to rely on my memory after a lapse of thirty years, "kill your patient by an exact conformity to the established rules, and, if I may be allowed the term, according to the *fashionable* practice, and you will be allowed to have done your best, whilst the heir will applaud, and the widow pay your bill, with tears of unfeigned joy; you will live with credit and satisfaction, an orthodox practitioner, and a *fine* man.

"In another instance, save a sick man's life by listening to the voice of reason, departing a little from the beaten path, and you will draw down on your devoted head, the abuse of every little whipster in physic, and every old woman in the parish; you will be proclaimed a dangerous man, and probably be prosecuted for your pains."

A DIFFICULT WORD.

A certain dame, at a country school, who had never been able to compass the word *Nebuchadnezzar*, used to desire her pupils to call it *Nazareth*, and let it pass.

SENSIBILITY.

Dominique de Vic, governor of Amiens, of Calais and vice-admiral of France, always made particular enquiry in whatever place he commanded, for the merchants and artificers of reputable character, and on being informed who they were and where they lived, he would visit them in the most friendly manner, and request them to dine with him. Of this amiable man, history relates these two affecting anecdotes.

In the year 1586, he lost the calf of his right leg by a gun-shot, and though the part was well cured, yet he could not attempt to ride on horseback, without experiencing the most excruciating pain in his wounded leg, in consequence of which, he retired to Guyenne. He had lived there about three years, when he was informed of the death of Henry the Third, and the embarrasments of Henry the Fourth, and the great need in which he stood of all his good servants. He directly had his leg cut off, sold part of his estates, entered into the king's service once more, and rendered him the most signal service at the battle of Ivri.

Two days after this great prince was assassinated, De Vic going through the Rue de la Ferronerie, and seeing the spot on which this horrid murder was committed, he fell senseless to the ground, and died next morning.

GENERAL TERMS

Are, as it were, but the *indorsments* upon the bundles of our ideas; they are useful to those who have collected a number of ideas, but utterly useless to those who have no collection ready for classification; nor should we be in a hurry to tie up the bundles, till we are sure that the collection is tolerably complete; the trouble, the difficulty, the shame of untying them late in life, is felt even by superior minds. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "I dont like to have any of my opinions attacked. I have made up my faggot, and if you draw out one, you weaken the whole bundle."

BON MOT OF AUGUSTUS.

Tacitus relates that some ambassadors from a city in Asia came to congratulate the Emperor, that a laurel had lately sprung up, and flourished on the altar which was

dedicated to his Honour. The Emperor, indignant at the absurd flattery, and which appeared to him to be also equivocal, replied with a laugh, "Apparet quam sæpe accendatis." It is very plain then that you do not light a fire there my friends.

AN EPIGRAM.

The following verses were made on a Farmer-General, who had raised immense sums by extortion, and at his death had built an almshouse.

Has Matho mendicis fecit justissimus ædes;
Hos & mendicos fecerat ante Matho.

IMITATED.

Matthew by all it is confest,
At length has plac'd his soul at rest;
To hospitals his wealth convey'd,
And feeds those beggars whom he made.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

An interesting analysis of coffee has lately been made by M. Cadet, apothecary in ordinary to the French Imperial household, from which it appears that the berries contain mucilage in abundance, much gallic acid, a resin, a concrete essential oil, some albumen, and a volatile aromatic principle. To these may be added such as are found in most vegetables, viz. lime, potash, charcoal, iron, &c Roasting developes the soluble principles; but it ought to be moderate, if it be wished to perserve the aeroma, and not decompose the acid, the gum, and the resin. Mocha coffee is of all other kinds most aromatic and resinous. M. Cadet advises that coffee be neither roasted nor infused till the day it is intended to be drank.

DOMESTIC.

CHAPMAN'S SELECT SPEECHES.

We have perused the three volumes of eloquence, compiled by Mr. Chapman, which have already appeared in Boston with unmingled satisfaction. They certainly exhibit in the selection much chastity of taste, and in the several introductions much acquaintance with political events. But the chief cause which contributes to the merit of this publication, is the rareness of many of the speeches. We, therefore, anxiously expect the appearance of the two additional volumes, which we understand are nearly ready for publication. The exquisite specimens of eloquence with which the whole of these volumes are to be stored, will consist of all the most famous speeches on the Slave Trade; Curran's celebrated speeches on Finerty's, Headfort's, and Rowan's trials; together with his famous argument on the city election before the Common Council of Dublin, and in the case of Justice Johnson; several of Mr. Erskine's most remarkable effusions of eloquence; Edmund Burke's speeches; Lord Chatham on the Boston Port Bill; William Pitt on several important questions; Sir Hercules Langrishe in the Irish House of Commons on the bill "to improve and amend the state of representation of the people in Ireland;" Mr. Fox on the Westminster election, and on several other questions of importance; and it is said the noted essay of Wm. Gerrad Hamilton (commonly known by the name of single-speech Hamilton,) together with many others equally scarce and valuable. Mackintosh's splendid defence of Peltier for a libel against Napoleon Bonaparte, will also appear in these volumes. Mackintosh, who now holds an honorable station in the East Indies, is perhaps as much celebrated as any modern orator, for richness of diction, warmth of colouring, and force of observation. The last volume will contain the most celebrated examples of the oratory of our own country.

We cannot but recommend this undertaking to every man of taste, letters and eloquence in the country.

W. Blagrove, has published, *The Polite Amatory Songster*; being a selection of delicate, pathetic, and elegant SONGS; designed chiefly for the ladies—with an appendix containing a selection of *popular new songs*.

Proposals are issued by William Weeks of Portland, for publishing a publication entitled ABRACADABRA To be printed on 12 pages, duodecimo, price twelve and a half cents payable on delivery, and will probably average about one number in a month—though no specific time is allowed for its appearance.

POETRY.

THE OLD SOLDIER.

[*From Mrs. Robinson's novel, the Natural Daughter.*]

O Pity! if thy holy tear
Immortal decks the wing of time
'Tis when the soldier's honour'd bier
Demands the glitt'ring drop sublime;
For who, from busy life remov'd
Such glorious, dang'rous toil has prov'd,
As *he*, who on th' embattled plain
Lies, nobly slain!

He, who forsakes his native shore
To meet the whizzing ball of death;
Who, mid the battle's fateful roar,
Resigns his ling'ring, parting breath;
Who, when the dead'ning din is done,
So well deserves as valour's son,
The proud, the lasting wreath of fame,
To grace his name?

Hard is his fate, the sultry day
To wander o'er the burning plain;
All night to waste the hours away,
Mid howling winds and beating rain.
To talk, O vision sadly sweet!
With her his eyes will never meet,
And find at morn's returning gleam
'Twas but a dream!

To mark the haughty brow severe;
To hear th' imperious, stern command:
To heave the sigh, to drop the tear,
While mem'ry paints his native land.
To know, the laurel he has won,
Twines round the brow of fortune's son,
While *he*, when strength and youth are flown,
Shall die *unknown!*

TASTE AND FASHION.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

Says Fashion to Taste, "I am strangely perplex'd,
For nothing to please me you bring;
With whims and with changes for ever I'm vex'd
And still fancy is wild on the wing!

I've invented all things that caprice can devise,
I have mingled all colours---and still
The leaders of Fashion her fancy despise
And in ridicule, laugh at my skill!

I have dress'd and *un*dress'd the fair nymphs of our land,
I've display'd ev'ry charm they possess;
Like their grandmother Eve, I have led the gay band,
Or like Venus, have taught them to bless."

"And 'tis therefore they scorn you," cried Taste with a smile;
"You have left them no charm to display!
When *I* led the blyth phalanx, I taught them the while
To be sparing, and *decent*, and gay.

I told them that *beauty*, when seen by all eyes,
Would the proud charm of novelty lose;
And that he is most constant who fearlessly sighs,—
She most happy who learns to refuse!"

Let the daughters of fashion to Truth then give ear:
Let them *hide* the fair charms they possess;
And tributes of Fame at their feet shall appear,
And mankind shall their triumph confess.

THE GREENLAND HUNTER.

BY MR. AMPHLETT.

Cold are the breezes on Greenland's coast,
Where breakers of ice meet the billow:
But LOVE is the Greenland Hunter's host,
His pole-star, his pilot, his pillow.
Joyous he welcomes the solar ray,
Dancing the twilight all away.

When the sun o'er his hazy horizon rides,
In his radient course thus surrounding;
In his fur-clad sledge, through the valley he slides,
Where the Bear and the Beaver are bounding.
How jovial the sports of a Greenland day,
Hunting the six months' sun away!

Pale is the light of the polar-star,
From the chase that directs him so weary,
When the sun in the ocean sinks his car,
And consigns him to darkness so dreary:
Then how sweet in the arms of his love to lay,
Slumbering the six months' night away!

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